# A COLLECTION OF POEMS.

*By the Author of a POEM on the* CAMBRIDGE LADIES.

443. COLLECTION OF POEMS. BY THE AUTHOR OF A POEM ON the Cambridge Ladies....Camb. F. 1733. 8°.

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TO



TO THE

# GENTLEMEN

OF

## *CATHERINE-HALL.*

COU'D I the Gift of Nature well diſplay,
Or had I Art to ſmooth the rugged Way
To the *Piërian* Spring, that limpid Stream,
Which raiſes ſluggard Souls to endleſs Fame;
There I, inſpir'd, would learn aloud to ſing,
There ſlake my Thirſt, there touch the warbling String:

Then wou'd the Muſe, in nervous Lines, impart
The ſtrong Emotions of a grateful Heart.

BUT I (unhappy in an unlearn'd State)
Seek after Knowledge through the Maze of Fate;
Court ev'ry Muſe, hoping ſhe will prove kind,
Yet fruitleſs all; for now, too ſure, I find
Confus'd Ideas croud upon my Mind;
All undigeſted,———impotently vain,
I ſtrive to raiſe 'em to a pleaſing Strain:
For Ignorance, and Diſcord, both conſpire
To check the Zeal of my Poetic Fire.

GRATITUDE! Child of Virtue! pleaſing Gueſt!
Diſpel this Cloud, do thou inſpire my Breaſt;
And lead me through this Thought-confounding Maze;
Inſtruct the Muſe to give true Merit Praiſe.
The few ſpare Hours, from ſervile Labour free,
I dedicate, O learned HALL, to thee:

Here

Here noble Modeſty aſſumes her Seat,
And ſhines in Virtues that are truly great.
The Goſpel here diſplays unſully'd Rays,
And unfledg'd Poets bloom in native Lays;
Here gen'rous Youth in every Virtue ſhine,
That moves the Heart with Energy divine.
Heroes from hence have ſprung to manly Arms;
And Holy Fathers ſhin'd in Mitred Charms.
Then hope not leſs, ye gentle, gen'rous few,
But the like Fortune may attend on you.

My Words but faintly ſpeak my willing Soul,
And want of Learning does my Will controul;
" But Youth is oft to num'rous Ills betray'd,
" Requires a Prop, and wants a foreign Aid: "
And I, nor Prop, nor Aid, alas can find!
But as your wonted Goodneſs is inclin'd.

By you my Muſe uplifts her drooping Head,
Serenely ſmiles, now all her Cares are fled:
Daily Experience gives me well to know,
Your Bounty does from gen'rous Motives flow:
To Strangers gentle, ever kind, and good,
Denotes your Souls enobled as your Blood.

PARDON, kind Sirs, in ev'ry Good confeſt,
The ſlow dull Dictates of my grateful Breaſt:
Accept the Numbers which theſe Sheets contain,
An humble Tribute of my lab'ring Brain.
Better I wou'd, had I but Art to move
The Myſtick Strings, that tune the Soul to Love:
But POPE himſelf cou'd ne'er his Foreſt ſing,
Had he no *Helicon* but Nature's Spring.

HAPPY, had I ſome Enterprize to take,
Inſtead of Words, I'd make my Actions ſpeak:

And

And ſince nor Words, nor Actions ought can do,
To ſhew how much my Soul's in Debt to you,
Me Silence beſt becomes. ———

HERE ſhow'r thy Bleſſings, O thou God divine!
And in each Breaſt let ev'ry Virtue ſhine:
Be Faith, and Hope, ſubſervient to their Call,
And Charity e'er dwell at CATH'RINE-HALL.

# A SATYRICAL POEM ON THE BEGGARS OPERA.

*How can theſe things to our Inſtruction lead?*
*Which are unchaſte to ſee, a Crime to read;*
*The Youth of either Sex this Path ſhou'd ſhun,*
*Or they may be inſenſibly undone:*
*'Tis hard for th' unexperienc'd to eſcape*
*Deſtruction, dreſt in ſuch a pleaſing Shape;*
*It gilds their Ruin with a ſpecious Bait,*
*And ſhews 'em not their Crime, till 'tis too late.*

## *A SATYR, &c.*

HAD I the Power to will, or to indite,
Or dictate Reaſon to ſome Men who write;

Juſt

Juſt Wit, and Humour, ſhou'd their Lines command;
No ſpurious Scenes ſhou'd e'er infeſt the Land,
Or Millions draw to ſee a Beggar's Band
Parade in Rank and File, in juſt Aray,
To grace the Conduct of their Leader *G*——*ay*.
Their Patron *R*—— may well with *Fall-ſtaff* boaſt,
The Scum of Earth recruits his comic Hoſt.
A vile, ignoble, and rapacious Crew,
Are now collected from each common Stew;
In mimic Song to mock th' unhappy State,
And inſolently dare impending Fate.
The Heroes, whom the Tragic Muſe oft crown'd
With juſt Applauſe, and made each Roof rebound,
Turn Suppliants now, and humbly ſue for Grace,
To be collected with the Sing-ſong Race.
The Buskin, now, no more need tread the Stage,
Since *Polly Peachum* pleaſes Young and Sage;
The darling Minion of this new-born Age.

*O! ponder well, ye great ones all!*
*Let not your Fancy ſtray;*
*Let none your Wit in queſtion call,*
*Be wiſe, while yet you may.*

Oft a judicious Author boldly ſtrains,
Nay, ſtudies hard to get a little Gains;
Hard Fate! poor Drudge has Labour for his Pains.
For Ribaldry and Drolls are now in Vogue,
And for the Hero view the crafty Rogue:
The pity-moving Scenes are paſt and gone,
And for *Ophelia* we have *Goſſip-Joan*:
A *Newgate* Crew, with Shoals of Chains and Fetters,
A Theme ungrateful, ſure, to Men of Letters.

ROUZE then, ye *Britons*, rouze at *Shakeſpear*'s Call;
His HAMLET ſuffers by this ſpurious Droll;
A Beggar-Poet now has found an Art
To move the Paſſions in each ſenſual Part;

To

To ſink the Genius, and debaſe the Mind:
An eaſy Conqueſt modern Authors find.

OTWAY was once a Favourite of the Age,
A great Supporter to a ſinking Stage:
Soft were his Numbers, and his Thoughts ſublime,
Free from the Doggrel of our preſent Time.
Oh! how his *Mournful Orphan* touch'd your Ears,
Drew Pity from each Heart, each Eye dropt Tears;
But now, no Pity; not one tragic Tear;
The *Beggars* Jargon charms th' aſtoniſh'd Fair.

*Then glorious* Britain's *Pride,*
*Conſider what ye're doing;*
*Leſt that ye backward ſlide,*
*And ſplit upon your Ruin.*

BRITAIN'S PRIDE.

WHY ſhou'd it move, when *Polly* whines a Breath
To ſtir up Pity, or to ſave *Macheath?*

Or

Or what, if ſhe in Tenderneſs, and Love,
The Rage and Fury of a Rival move?
Or what, if *G*— will write, and paſs for Wit?
'Tis he, and only he, muſt anſwer it:
Yet, who can ſilent be in Virtue's Cauſe?
Where Vice triumphant meets with ſuch Applauſe
From partial Crowds; indulgent to a Crime,
Equall'd by none, nor chronicled by Time:
By them encourag'd, with uncommon Art,
The † young revive the old Offenders Part;
A fatal Prelude to a *Tyburn*-Cart.
The ſad, too ſad Effect they 'lready find;
Th' Infection ſpreads, now taints the youthful Mind:
To Virtue's Precepts they are ſtrangers grown,
Now Vice Gigantic ſtruts it through the Town.
Unthinking Crowds now gaze and flutter
To hear a common Huſſey ſputter

† *The* Beggars Opera *was acted by Children, call'd* Lillyputians.

Spurious

Spurious Nonſenſe, thoughtleſs Rhymes,
Borrow'd Tunes of ancient Times.
Here the Red Ribband, and Blue Garter,
Swell the Audience, raiſe the Laughter;
Wound up in Raptures at her Joke,
They ſwear, by G--d, an Angel ſpoke:
When *Polly* whines out *Goſſip-Joan*,
Each cries, my Heart, my Heart is gone.
Ay, ſays one, who liſt'ning ſtood,
Friend *G--* has ſtudy'd for ſome Good:
He'as faſhion'd Vice to every Taſte,
Makes lawful Wedlock but a Jeſt:
Calls Murders, Rapins, downright Peace,
And juggles Vice in Virtue's place.
Stateſmen, here, are mighty Robbers,
Private Jugglers, and Stock-Jobbers:
*Marybone*'s Crew's a Common-wealth;
And all they get is lawful Stealth.

*Drury*

*Drury* too, that dreadful Hundred,
Need not fear who they have plunder'd:
Or who is free, or bound for Life,
Each now's a lawful modern Wife.

LOTHARIO, here, may play his Game ſecure,
Purſue his Luſt, and guilty Shocks endure;
No Frowns need fear from a *Fair Penitent*,
For here none durſt their darling Crimes repent:
By their Example triumph o'er his Prey,
(For Reaſon now to Int'reſt muſt give way:)
To Virtue's irkſome Rules have no Regard,
Then *Sucky Tawdry* crowns his juſt Reward.

LET ANTHONY, once more, his Sword unſheath,
Since ſuch Encouragement's at *Hownſlow*-Heath:
Let him repugnant to bright Virtue live,
And take from thoſe who little have to give.

Shou'd Fortune ſmile, and favour with Succeſs,
He'll find, in *Polly*, all that Lovers gueſs.

Let poor Orestes fret, run mad, and rail,
And in his Fury ſeize a luſty Flail:
Let him the Road purſue, no Danger dread,
Nor be by Friendſhip's faithful Dictates led:
That noble Virtue now a Vice is grown,
And faithful Friendſhip's baniſh'd out of Town.
Here cunning Falſhoods paſs in ſolemn State,
And crafty Villains ſtruggle to be great.
'Mongſt theſe to chuſe, a ſure Companion find,
Be bold, be daring, of intrepid Mind,
And *Lucy Lockit* will be ever kind.

Let Oroonoko's Wrongs your Pity move,
Compaſſionate the Pangs of injur'd Love;
For *Driver*'s ſake, whoſe Cauſe you all uphold,
Admit a Slave, in daring Actions bold:

No

No Friends, nor Int'reſt now, nor Hopes are left,
Of Fame, and Empire, and of Wife bereft:
Teach him, ye great in Vice, ye Men of Skill,
To act like you, and bend him to your Will;
Indulge him but in this, in this be free,
Let *Jenny Diver* his lov'd Conſort be.

*MEMNON*, the Royal Youth (unhappy State!)
Whoſe early Croſſes made him curſe his Fate,
And led him Captive to an Iron Grate;
May now in Safety play the Loſer's Game,
In Friendſhip crafty, and in Love the ſame,
And *Slammekin* ſhall prop declining Fame.

Come *ESSEX*, come, and ſhare the common Spoil,
Forget fair *RUTLAND*, and thy Queen revile;
No more in Tragic Notes thy Organ ſtrain,
To gloſs the Glories of a Virgin-Reign.

No

No private Envy here, nor Diſcord find,
The general Ruin's level'd at Mankind:
Shou'd anxious Thoughts thy Midnight Hours moleſt,
*Vixen* the gay, will lull you into Reſt.

And thou, great * Patriot of bright Virtue's Cauſe,
Who greatly ſuffer'd by Theatric Laws;
No more with moral Lectures pleaſe the Town,
Such Thought's obſcene to any, but the Gown:
Here join with Men, reſolv'd to ſtand, or fall,
Nor dread the Ruin that o'erwhelms 'em all.

Young *Juba* too may lay his Morals by,
The Pangs of Love, and Pow'r of *Rome* defy;
Slight rigid Virtue, join'd with *Marcia*'s Charms;
He'll ſurer Comforts find in *Coaxer*'s Arms.

---

* Cato.

And all ye Heroes of the *Roman* Line,
Whoſe God-like Actions will for ever ſhine,
Attend, and liſten to the Muſes Call,
Enrol at *Lincoln*, elſe *G*—— ruins y' all.

WELL did the Bard his younger Days employ,
To tune the Reed, and ſing the * *Week* with Joy:
Well did his rural Muſe the Story tell,
How *Strephon* lov'd, and was belov'd as well;
How ſweetly innocent he woo'd the Maid,
And whiſtled forth his Love through every Shade.
When to the Pipe he tun'd his ruſtick Lays,
The Sound, harmonious, well deſerv'd our Praiſe:
But now the Reed, the Pipe, and Lyre are ſunk,
To the hoarſe Eccho of an upſtart Punk:
In vain his Sheep, in vain his Lambkins play;
His Fields look wither'd, and his Flow'rs decay:

* The Shepherds Week.

Led on by Intereſt, and a Party Cauſe,
He wrongs his Judgment to obtain Applauſe:
Wreſts from ſupported † Ignorance the Bays,
And gives himſelf a Precedent to Plays:
In Emulation now each Bard contends,
And juſt Attention to his *Drama* lends:
Vices confeſt each Female Mind adorn,
And Truth, and Innocence, they ſlight with Scorn:
Now Siren Voices animate Deſire,
And Garter'd Knights in fetter'd Love expire.

† *Italian* Operas.

A

# POEM

In ANSWER to

A LAMPOON, which was wrote on the *Cambridge* LADIES.

---

*Hard is the Task, and bold th'adventrous Flight*
*Of him, who dares in Praiſe of Beauty write;*
*For, when to that high Theme our Thoughts aſcend,*
*'Tis to detract, too poorly to commend.*
*And he, who praiſing Beauty, does no Wrong,*
*May boaſt to be ſucceſsful in his Song;*
*But when the Fair themſelves approve his Lays,*
*And one accepts, and one vouchſafes to praiſe,*
*His wide Ambition knows no farther Bound,*
*Nor can his Muſe with brighter Fame be crown'd.*

CONGREVE.

---

E'RE Lucifer diſpers'd the Shades of Night,
And Eaſtern Skies proclaim'd approaching Light;

My

My weary Limbs were lull'd in balmy Reſt;
With pleaſing Dreams my watchful Soul was bleſt:
A Form Angelic, Guardian of the Fair,
Accoſts me thus in melancholy Air:
" From ſtarry Regions, thro' th' Etherial Space,
" To *Granta*, and her injur'd Female Race,
" I took my Flight ———
" All o'er the Town I've had a tranſient View,
" Ey'd all the Fair, that are to Virtue true;
" The Wives, the Widows, and the Virgins too.
" Of faithleſs Man too juſtly they complain,
" And ſeek Redreſs; but ſeek, alas! in vain:
" Since unkind *Sidney* loſt her tuneful Bard,
" No Favourite's left to be the Fair-one's Guard:
" Since *Waller* now, and *Lanſdown* are no more,
" (For whom the Female-World in Tears deplore)
" No Muſe invok'd, no tuneful Lyre is ſtrung;
" No *Myra*'s prais'd, no *Sachariſſa*'s ſung:

" Fair Virtue bleeds, and injur'd Beauty mourns,
" Deſpair, and Anguiſh, ſeize each Heart by Turns.
" They now may well with fair *Belinda* ſay,
" For ever curs'd be that deteſted Day,
" Which ſnatch'd their Bard, their Fav'rite Bard, away.

" As, on the Wing, I paſs'd a neighb'ring Grove,
" I ſpy'd a Youth, who ſeem'd a Foe to Love;
" His Hand ſuſtain'd a foul invective * Scrowl,
" The juſteſt Emblem of his native Soul.
" Sudden I view'd the poor unmanly Art,
" And ſaw the *Cynic* lurking at his Heart:
" How baſe the Boy! how ſcandalous his Name!
" Since ev'ry Woman is his publick Theme,
" If once but look'd at, he'll moſt ſure defame.

" Let Impotence, in borrow'd Shape of Man,
" Flaſh baſe Invectives, whilſt ſhe juſtly can;

* A Lampoon on the *Cambridge* Ladies, which gave Riſe to this Poem.

" Let

" Let him in vain his empty Thoughts employ,
" Diſdain the Nymphs, whilſt they diſdain the Boy;
" Reviſe the Sex, as did th' unhappy Bard,
" Who injur'd *Helen* without due Regard;
" But he recanted, and his Pray'rs were heard.
" Now may ſome gentle Muſe of the fam'd Nine
" Inſpire your Lays; then let the reſt be mine."
Thus ſpoke the Genius, and as ſoon prevail'd;
*Aurora* bluſh'd, and ſo my Fortune hail'd.

And now ye Bards, who oft in ſcurvy Lays
Have laſh'd in Satire, or with-held your Praiſe,
Dare not to meet my Rage; 'tis Woman's Cauſe,
That leads me on, to gain their kind Applauſe.
Not ſlight's th' Offence, that makes me thus indite;
Yet wou'd I e'er for injur'd Virtue write.
To you, ye Chaſte, my Muſe directs her Song,
The Pride and Glory of the Female Throng.

YET, Oh ye Fair! had I the Pow'r to tell,
How juſt ye love, how conſtant, and how well;
Or, had I POPE's inimitable Skill,
Soft ſwelling Numbers ſhou'd my Wiſh fulfill:
'Tis he alone, who beſt can Beauty praiſe,
Immortaliz'd in Song, in never-dying Lays:
Yet, as I can, my Theme I'll now purſue,
Loſt as to Fame, yet Hopes keep ſtill in View.

I mean not here a *Julia* to commend,
Nor palm a *Thaïs* on a truſty Friend.
The Virtuous only beſt deſerve my Praiſe;
To them I ſing, to them are due my Lays.

HERE might a CONGREVE's Muſe fit Subjects find,
To ſhew the Virtues of each Female Mind:
To ſing the Cauſe, from which they firſt began,
And check the Envy of th' ill-natur'd Man.

Could

Could I, in Lays like his, ſet forth Deſert,
Like him I'd ſing, like him I'd move the Heart:
No more ſhould Neighb'ring Towns with *Cambridge* vie
In Beauty, Wit, in Love, and Conſtancy.

OFT to St. *Mary*'s ſpacious Dome the Fair,
Like Veſtal Nymphs to ſacred Shrines, repair;
The Fabrick ſhines with each ſuperior Ray,
Their Cryſtal Orbs a brighter Light diſplay.
There ſits *ALINDA*; glorious are her Charms;
She ſooths the Lover, and his Heart ſhe warms;
Softens the *Johnian* Youth, not prone to ſtray,
And one kind Glance diſſolves his Soul away.

*FLAVIA* does next my Admiration raiſe,
I view her often, and as oft I praiſe:
Her lively Looks diſplay a gentle Mien,
Free, unaffected, graceful, and ſerene.

To her how vain's the ſpruce Grammatic Tool,
Who ſtruts in Purple, to commence a Fool.

Now, heav'nly Muſe, be *FLORA* all thy Care,
Who's gentle, lovely, conſtant, and ſincere:
She's mild, ſhe's modeſt, affable, and free,
As *Helen* fair, chaſte as *Penelope.*
Not ſo of ought can'ſt thou, *Phrinias*, boaſt:
Thy Fame and Honour to the World is loſt.

The leſs St. *Marians*, next I would rehearſe,
And ſhew their Virtues in my feeble Verſe;
But ah! how vain, how groveling is my Muſe!
Confus'd in Thought what Epithets to chuſe,
Worthy the Fair *CLARISSA*, heav'nly bright,
The *Caian*'s Joy, *Horatio*'s chief Delight.
In her chaſte Breaſt bright Virtue keeps her Seat,
And her three Siſters juſtly emulate.

What mighty Bleſſings ſhower from above,
To make ſuch Union, Harmony, and Love!

And now, ye *Andrian* Fair, ye graceful Throng,
To you, my Muſe directs her humble Song.
If e'er, by Chance, you paſs the Streets alone,
Like Light, a common Bleſſing to each one,
Your radiant Beauty chears the Lover's Heart,
And glads the Soul with titilating Smart;
Whilſt each fond Looker on is pleas'd to ſee
Your prudent Conduct, join'd with Modeſty.

And next thy Fair, Oh *Bennet!* be my Theme,
Whoſe well-known Virtue beſt exalts their Fame.
With Pleaſure 'tis I view their happy State,
Bleſs'd with each Grace that forms a Mind ſedate;
Surpriz'd, I gaze on each unerring Fair,
When Health requires to take refreſhing Air,

To *King*'s cool Shades, where reſtleſs Lovers walk,
In diff'rent Ways, on diff'rent Subjects talk:
But ah! how fatal oft theſe Walks do prove
To injur'd Innocence, and conſtant Love,
Let *LUCIA* witneſs; but I mean not here
To caſt foul Odiums on the lovely Fair.

YET, ah! ye Fair, can ye not gueſs the Cauſe?
If Int'reſt leads me, or to gain Applauſe?
Or if ſome gentle She amongſt the Reſt,
Thus to defend you, pierc'd my yielding Breaſt?
Then ſurely here I will the Truth impart;
I've found a Miſtreſs, but have loſt a Heart.
Her Air, her Look, her Voice does charm my Soul,
Diſarms each Thought that would my Will controul.
When firſt her Eyes I like clear Brillants ſaw,
They flaſh'd their Lightnings, which my Soul did awe;

I trembling ſtood, yet pleas'd at what I'd ſeen,
As did *Anchiſes* on the *Paphian* Queen.

But ſtay, my Muſe, too much already's ſaid;
Be next thy Care the fair *Botolphian* Maid;
Her Beauties to neglect muſt be a Crime,
Bred from her Cradle, nouriſh'd in her Prime.
Her Virtue ſets her in the faireſt Light,
And adds thoſe Graces which the Soul delight.
Theſe great Endowments bleſs her goodly Mind,
A Gift to few, to very few, aſſign'd.
What tho' a *Queenian* Youth ſpare Hours enjoys,
In Mirth and Innocence that Time employs,
No ſullen Gloom his Peace of Mind deſtroys.
Thus whilſt his vacant Hours are paſs'd away,
The Fair-one ſmiles, and all around look gay.
By Truth and Innocence ſhe claims Reſpect;
Oft he commends, nor does he e'er neglect.

THUS 'tis when Virtue reigns, and steers the Way,
The Zephyrs blow, and calm the joyful Day;
Virtue triumphant rides, and sweeps along,
Not only This, but all the neighb'ring Throng.



A PRO-

A

# PROLOGUE

## TO THE

## UNIVERSITY of *Cambridge.*

LIKE ſhip-wreck'd Wretches, toſs'd from Shore to Shore,

We beg Protection, and your Grace implore:

Let noble Ardour ſwell each gen'rous Breaſt,

And ſhew your Pity to a Few Diſtreſt.

'Tis here we hope to find a ſure Retreat,

Where Muſes flouriſh in their priſtine State:

Where

Where inborn Virtue cultivates the Mind,
And native Innocence is ever kind.
Let ſpiteful Envy now with Dullneſs reſt,
Brood o'er each Miſchief lab'ring in her Breaſt:
Hugg the luxurious Birth with fond Deſire,
And frame harſh Numbers to the tuneful Lyre:
Let wrangling Wretches virtuous Thoughts repel,
And dare at any thing, but doing well.
Here, Wit and Senſe exert a nobler Cauſe,
In ſoundeſt Judgment, give weak Nature Laws;
Through ev'ry Scene of learned Life to run,
The growing Follies of the Age to ſhun;
In ſtudied Sciences each onward moves,
And ev'ry Precept a juſt Moral proves.
Theſe great Examples ought to frame the Mind,
In noble Faculties to bleſs Mankind.
Deign to aſſert the Stage, as Wiſdom may,
And drive the Miſt of Ignorance away;

Which

Which now does triumph o'er the Buskin'd Muſe,
And feigns falſe Notes the eaſy World t'abuſe.
Purſue, unenvied, ev'ry virtuous Theme,
And tread, enobl'd, the juſt Paths to Fame.

## *To a young Woman who was pre-engag'd to a* FRIEND.

SINCE Friends and Int'reſt jointly do combine,
And Reaſon dictates that you can't be mine:
Since all my Hopes are wither'd in the Bud,
I now will act what few fond Lovers wou'd:
I'll ſhun the Object of my baneful Love,
And try, if Abſence can my Pain remove.
It's Friendſhip now, that makes me quit the Field;
To that lov'd Name I all my Comforts yield:
And he, who wou'd that Sacred Tie maintain,
Muſt faithful be, all ſubtle Arts diſdain
Of flattering Falſhood's dark unſettl'd Train.

I will no more my too falſe Hopes purſue,
Nor vainly ſtrive true Lovers to undo;
But bravely act, as I'd have others do.
And ſince the Fates deſign'd you not for me,
Long may you live in Peace, from Diſcord free;
May the all-happy Youth true Comfort give,
And you the juſt Reward of Love receive;
May Health attend ye, Wealth in Plenty ſtore,
I can't ſay leſs, but wiſh I cou'd ſay more.

## *Sent with ſome* TEA, *which was loſt at* CARDS.

GO, thou lov'd Tea, go to the matchleſs Fair,
Whoſe Virtue's ſpotleſs, and whoſe Conduct's rare:

Tell 'em, the Looſer humbly Greeting ſends,
And ſays his Loſs is Gain, when loſt with Friends;
That their Acceptance makes him full Amends.

## *On a MISER.*

AS he liv'd, ſo he died;
At his Exit no one cried:
Lov'd by none, nor fear'd by any;
Wrongs he did, alas! too many:
Fear'd no God, and lov'd no Dæmon,
But that of Wealth, curſed Mammon.

# *The* COMPLAINT.

I.

IN love-sick Cares, with Grief oppress't,
I pass the tedious Day;
The pensive Night forbids me Rest,
Nor wears my Gloom away.

II.

Then who on Earth can be so curs'd,
Since Day and Night deceive me?
And She in whom's my chiefest Trust,
Now scornfully does leave me?

III.

Reflect, my Fair, how oft you ſwore,
That none but me you'd love;
To witneſs this, you'd oft implore
The mighty Gods above.

IV.

To pleaſe thee, was my daily Task,
Which kept my Soul awake;
A parting Smile is all I ask,
Let me of that partake.

V.

If cruelly you do perſiſt,
And doom me to my Grave,
My Fate I will not then reſiſt,
But humbly die your Slave.

# *To a DEIST.*

HOW dark is Reaſon in it ſelf,
'Till clear'd by Light Divine;
In vain we ſtrive by Human Aid
To make our Actions ſhine.

Look back, weak Man, reflect in time,
View well thy inward Mind;
And thou wilt ſee, how ſlow thou art
To any Good inclin'd.

Wretched, indeed, had been thy Caſe,
Did not thy God reveal
Thoſe ſacred Truths in Holy Writ;
Then let thoſe Truths prevail.

## *On receiving* Byſhe's Art of Poetry, *from a Gentleman of* Catharine-Hall.

LED by thy Gift, through Paths unknown,
I trace the boundleſs Art,
Where Wit and Humour juſtly vie
To raiſe and mend the Heart.

## *On receiving the Firſt Volume of the* Spectators, *from a Gentleman of the ſame Hall.*

I Thank you, Sir, for this the FIRST;
I'll keep it ſafe in Store;
In hopes kind Fortune will befriend,
And ſend the SEVEN more.

## *On receiving the Lord* Lanſdown's *Poems, from a Gentleman of the ſame Hall.*

SO kind the Friend, ſo ſmooth the Numbers riſe,
Alike the Giver, and the Gift I prize.

# *Advice to a Young-Woman who lov'd a Soldier.*

## A SONG.

I.

PR'YTHEE *Nancy*,
Change your Fancy,
Don't think *G——ll* is ſincere;
He'll deceive you,
And ſo leave you
For ſome other yielding Fair.

II.

But you, of all
Thoſe Maidens tall,
Who tript it in the Throng;
For Soldiers red
Cou'd change your Bed,
And think you'd done no Wrong:

III.

Too late you'll find,
How they're inclin'd,
Like Weather ever changing:
The Fair they chace
From Place to Place;
A Soldier's always ranging.

IV.

But now I ſee,
You fain wou'd be
Entire at his Diſpoſal;
I'll act ſincere,
And bid beware
The Snare that's laid by *G——ll.*

A

# PROLOGUE

TO THE

## Univerſity and Ladies of *Cambridge.*

NUMBERS uncouth, wild Rants, and Fuſtian Rage,
Too long have triumph'd o'er the *Britiſh* Stage;
The Age degen'rates, and the Scenes grow dull;
The Sock and Buskin's unconfin'd by Rule:
A Prey, too long, to Fools the Stage has been,
And vicious Nonſenſe ſwells each Comic Scene:
Falſe Taſte, wrong Judgment, lord it o'er the Mind;
And Reaſon's Standard by no Thought's confin'd.

Here

Here ſhifts the Scene——for here's no Dearth of Wit;
Here ſoundeſt Criticks know what's juſt, and fit.
Cou'd low-laid Bards from gloomy Shades appear,
To view ſo many learned Judges here,
Pleas'd with the Sight, to Life again they'd ſpring,
Burſt through the Vail of Death, and *ἰ ὁραῖαν* ſing!
Reſt to their Shades! whilſt you adorn the Age,
To guard the Muſes, and ſupport the Stage;
Whilſt you, by Study, meditate the Way
For Virtue to exert her ſov'reign Sway.
This to your Merit.——Next, ye Fair, to you,
As by the Charter of your Sex is due:
Pardon, if freely I my Thoughts unfold,
And ſhew that Tinſel, which ye fancy Gold.
Attend the foll'wing moral Scenes of Art,
And they'll in full my Sentiments impart;
They'll ſhew you, what's to Virtue ſtrictly due;
What faithful Lovers may expect from you:

How

How ſelf-lov'd Coxcombs pleaſe but to be prais'd;
How humble Merit's worthy to be rais'd;
How fawning Sycophants the Fair beguile,
And Villains mask their Falſhoods with a Smile;
How pityleſs ye view the Brave and Juſt,
Chill'd by Diſdain, and by your Frowns accurſt:
And can that Lover pleaſe, who'as no Pretence
To Virtue, Wit, or ev'n to common Senſe?
Who in feign'd Raptures boaſts of Favours paſt,
And Reputations does like Light'nings blaſt?
Of ſuch beware, ye Gentle, Young, and Gay,
The Brave and Wiſe will ne'er your Sex betray:
The reſt deſpiſe, and brand 'em with your Scorn;
Let brighteſt Virtue your fair Breaſts adorn.
Virtue diſdains in vicious Paths to move,
But ſoars triumphant on the Wings of Love.

A

# TRANSLATION

OF

# The Twenty-third *Epiſtle*

Out of the

## Tenth BOOK of *MARTIAL.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

SEE how, my Friend, the good old Man appears,
Eaſy, and Gay, beneath a Load of Years;
Who with Diſcretion trod the Wiles of Life,
Harmonious all, without th' Allay of Strife:
Whoſe Soul unruffl'd, and ſerener Breaſt,
No Joys cou'd diſcompoſe, no Cares moleſt.

Now in the Dregs, and nauſeous Lees of Age,
Maintains his Glory to his lateſt Stage;
With Tears (o'er-looking his paſt Life anew)
Of Joy, he ſmiles upon the bleſt Review.
Then as no Day can him of Guilt araign,
No Night can yield him any Senſe of Pain;
Mild are the Raptures of the Saint confeſt,
And Joys Seraphick glow within his Breaſt:
By ſuch Remembrance is his Youth renew'd,
And Age, with Spring of Life, once more endu'd.
By ſuch Remembrance flush'd, he leaves no room
For ill-tim'd Fears, but boldly longs to roam,
To ford this Vale of Tears, and ſeek for Worlds to come.

*In imitation of* CATULLUS.

A

# PARAPHRASE.

From the *Greek* of *MENAGE*.

*By the ſame.*

WERE Heav'n as kind as I, my Dear,
The lovely *Galatea* ſaid,
I think you need not greatly fear,
Forſooth, that I ſhou'd die a Maid!

BUT who a vain Coquet ſhall truſt,
That only lives to be admir'd;
Whoſe ev'ry Vow but ſerves her juſt
To fan the Paſſion ſhe inſpir'd?

LET

LET him, who Truth in Woman finds,
Conſign her Character to Fame;
Dictate it to the flitting Winds,
Inſcribe it on the paſſing Stream.

## *On his* Miſtreſs.

*From the ſame.*

FROM my Dear Maid I ſtole a kiſs in Play;
But in Revenge ſhe ſtole my Heart away.

## From *AUSONIUS.*

ALAS, poor *Dido!* faith and troth
With each good Man thou hadſt hard Meaſure;
For when this dy'd, you fled amain;
When th'other fled, you dy'd at leiſur

UPON

# *Upon two young Ladies, who were Siſters.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

SElecteſt Pair! O Friendſhip moſt refin'd!
What double Harmony of Face and Mind!
See! two ſuch Nymphs, a Wonder each alone,
Eclipſing others, but eclips'd by none!
Each, with a thouſand artleſs Beauties fraught,
And each, in all but Virtue's Rules, untaught!
Both exquiſitely bright, and form'd ſo fair,
Nature ſeems Bankrupt to compoſe the Pair!

O bliſsful View! when both together ſhine,
Apart you kill, but ſave us when you join.
If one attract our Eyes, and kindle Fire,
We gaze on th' other, and feel new Deſire.
Thus Liberty's at hand, whilſt Chains ſurround:
We're freed by either, as by either bound:
Well are we pleas'd, yet frequent in Debate:
(Forgive it, Ladies!) 'tis what you create.
You know no Strife, whilſt we conteſt the Prize,
And fight for you the Battles of your Eyes:
Yet never can decide, which charms us moſt,
Which the chief Conq'rour, which the brighteſt Toaſt.
With Eaſe the *Trojan* finiſh'd the Diſpute,
When but one *Venus* claim'd the Golden Fruit:
But were he now to live again, and prove
A Judge, where each appears the Queen of Love,
Nor this, nor that, he cou'd the Fairer call,
But to determine, muſt divide the Ball.

# A SONG.

## *By a young Lady.*

I.

DEAR *Collin*, prevent my warm Bluſhes,
For how can I ſpeak without Pain;
My Eyes have oft told you my Wiſhes,
Oh! can't you their Meaning explain?
My Paſſion wou'd loſe by Expreſſion,
And you too might cruelly blame;
What need is there then of Confeſſion
Of what is too tender to name?

II.

Since Yours is the Province of Speakin
Why ſhou'd you expect it from Me?
Our Wiſhes ſhou'd be in our keeping,
'Till you tell us what they ſhou'd be.

Then, quickly, why don't you diſcover?
Does your Heart feel ſuch Anguiſh as mine?
Eyes need not tell over and over,
What I in my Breaſt ſhould confine.

## *Sent with a Gift on* New-Year's-Day.

HAIL to the Nymph! who does my Muſe inſpire
With faithful Numbers, to accoſt the Lyre;
Bleſs her, ye Pow'rs; may every Year like this
Alternate move, and grace her Soul with Bliſs!
May balmy Slumbers crown each peaceful Night!
Let nought approach diſpleaſing to her Sight!
May each revolving Day auſpicious prove,
And glad her Soul with Peace, with Hope, with Love!

May

May this poor Gift (firſt Off'ring of the Year)
Have kind Acceptance from my charming Fair!
Dart forth, bright *Phœbus*, thy exhaling Beams,
And clear the Air of its peſtiferous Streams!
When She inclines to take refreſhing Air,
Blow gently, Zephyrs, don't her Health impair;
May guardian Angels watch her ev'ry where!

## *On the fantaſtical Behaviour of ſome of the Fair Sex at* Newbury *Church in* Berkſhire, *at Divine Service; and alſo their unanimous Fancy to Velvet Scarves and Scarlet Cloaks.*

TILL now of late I thought the well-dreſs'd Fair
To Church were come, to join in Godly Pray'r:
But riper Years, and long Experience ſhew,
They not for Knowledge, nor Religion go.

For diff'rent Objects lead their Thoughts aſtray,
Nor know they what is ſaid, or how to pray:
So gay their Form, ſo viſible their Pride,
That all their Arts cannot their Folly hide.
And now the Scene's contracted to my View,
And each vain Fair's in her reſpective Pew,
My Muſe with Eaſe may view the Scarlet Throng,
Aud praiſe, or cenſure, as ſhe ſoars along.

On then, bold Muſe, in loftieſt Notes proclaim
The *Velvet* Scarf, and fav'rite *Scarlet*'s Fame;
Wore by the Old, the Young, the Chaſt, and Lewd,
The Bride, the Widow, the Coquet, and Prude.
Twice Twenty Cloaks in *Scarlet* here are ſeen,
As many Scarves, lac'd round with red or green;
With ſuch a Number, or with ſuch a Store,
Sure never Church was ever grac'd before.

With Box and Book, lo, there prim *B——n* ſtands,
Which both alternate grace her ſnowy Hands.
But whilſt her Eyes on pleaſing Objects look,
She careleſly lets drop the uſeleſs Book:
More uſeful Box a fragrant Flavour gives;
Her oblique Noſe the Benefit receives.

And next, my Muſe, of faithleſs *H——n* tell,
Who ſhines in red, and plays the Jilt ſo well,
That few (if any) can her Crimes excel.
Falſe to her Husband, cruel to her Son;
By her th' unhappy *B——ge* was undone.
Had ſhe leſs Pride, more Modeſty, and Shame,
The Husband's Glory then, no publick Theme,
Her Child's beſt Pride, her everlaſting Fame.
But now, alas! ſhe's paſt her Years of Grace,
Virtue has loſt, and Vice has won the Chace.

If ſhe did Vice, as ſhe doth Virtue, ſcorn,
Her *Scarlet* Cloak to Mourning-Weeds ſhe'd turn;
Inſtead of *Velvet* Scarf in Sackcloath mourn.

HERE *F----n*, Gigantick, ſhews her towring Head;
Her manlike Habit ſhines, a gawdy red:
From all around ſhe bears away the Bell;
In Love and *Scarlet* none can her excel.
When *Evans* quarter'd here his Men of War,
Her Joys were center'd in an Officer;
Commander Chief of his own bloody Band,
Her Hand and Heart full oft he did command:
Well skill'd in Arts of Love, as well as Arms,
He found the cloſe Receſſes to her Charms.
But Love, when hot, too oft is ſooneſt cold;
And Beauty loſt can bear no ſecond Mould.
It happen'd ſo to this coqueting Fair;
She loſt her Lover, and imbrac'd Deſpair:

The

The Brig' inconſtant left this Fair to mourn
Her fatal Ills, and bad Adieu with Scorn.
Ye Gods! what Paſſions rag'd within her Breaſt?
How rav'd, and ſwore, ſhe never wou'd have Reſt.
Revenge, Revenge, around the Room ſhe cry'd!
Revenge again the vaulted Roof reply'd!
But cool Reflection ſoon ſucceeded Rage,
And a new Object does her Wrath aſſwage:
A Lawyer next did all her Fears deſtroy,
In him ſhe center'd all her Hopes and Joy:
If Fame be true, and I not miſinform'd,
He lik'd her Perſon, and her Beauty charm'd:
Not for Fantaſtick, nor Platonick Love,
Of ſomething more ſubſtantial they approve:
But cruel Death, triumphant o'er his Prey,
Hath ſnatch'd this Lover in a Miſt away.
Now *B——ll*, that Man of Dreſs, and gentle Air,
Revives the Spirits of this drooping Fair;

Regards

Regards no Coſt, nor Pains to give her Eaſe;
He treats at Balls, Aſſemblies, and at Plays:
At Church, in Organ-Loft, the well dreſt Beau
Exalted ſtands, in faith a goodly Show,
For *F——n* to look at, as ſhe flirts below.

THERE, ſcarv'd in Jet, ſtands *C—r—r*'s early Hope,
Whoſe fickle Mind is bounded by no Scope:
Around the Dome her Eyes the Audience ſcan,
Then waves in Air the wide expanded Fan.
Here, *Æſop*'s Shape a Scarlet Cloak does hide,
And Pigmy Forms exalted are with Pride.

BUT ſee ſome Ladies of the Scarlet Line
Rank'd by themſelves, with better Luſtre ſhine;
All, with a Grace, do worſhip God divine.
Of theſe the *S——bs*, with Wit and Beauty grac'd,
And all Acquirements, that adorn the Chaſte.
I might here give Encomiums, great and true,
And yet come very ſhort of what's their Due.

# *An* ACROSTICK.

*By an unknown Hand.*

ROSINDA! fair *Roſinda* is poſſeſt
Of all the Charms, wherewith her Sex are bleſt:
Such ſhining Graces on the Fair-one throng,
Each Feature ſtrikes the Heart, and tunes the Tongue.

HEAV'N, by her wond'rous Frame, ſeem'd to deſign
A Maſter-piece, reſembling the Divine;
Meerly to force the Atheiſt to allow,
In her there's ſomething more than Chance can do.
Let all Mankind among themſelves divide
The greateſt Bleſſings of the World beſide;
On me kind Heav'n the blooming Fair beſtow;
No other Bliſs my Soul inclines to know.

# Another.

*By the ſame.*

ADMIRE ye Poets, where ye cannot raiſe
No Thought ſublime enough to give her Praiſe;
Not all your ſofteſt Lays, divinely rare,
Are equal to the Merits of the Fair.

BRIGHT Virtues ev'ry wond'rous Action grace,
And meet her matchleſs Charms with equal Pace.
Let mercenary Pens, with artful Pains,
Diſtort their Genius with unbounded Strains;
While I, unskill'd in Numbers, freely rove
In Numbers, which I wiſh may only move
None other Object, but the Nymph I love.

Another.

# Another.

*By the ſame.*

MIRINDA, charming Nymph, thou e'er ſhalt be
All my Soul's Hope of bleſt Felicity:
Rays ſo divine dart from your killing Eyes,
Ye Gods admire with Wonder and Surprize.

Wou'd *Cupid* touch that tender Heart of thine,
Each Sigh I'd catch, and eccho back with mine:
So ſhou'd I greater than a Monarch be,
To wear thy Chains, I'd think it Liberty.

# *On* M— C—.

*By an unknown Hand.*

GODS of *Caſtalia*, and all ye Nine,
Inſpire my Verſe, and make her all divine;
Poliſh my Numbers, and direct my Strain;
Smile *C—rt*, or they all inſpire in vain.
Be you but kind, you'll more aſſiſt my Pen,
Than all *Parnaſſus*, or the heav'nly Train.
Direct my Verſe with your auſpicious Aid;
I'll ask no Goddeſs, or *Pierian* Maid:
Inſpir'd by you, majeſtically bright,
I'll ſing the Rays of your eternal Light.
I, tho' unus'd to touch the tuneful String,
Yet can't refuſe on ſuch a Theme to ſing.

Tho'

Tho' *Pindar*'s Rage, to *Homer*'s Fancy join'd,
Cou'd not deſcribe the Beauties of your Mind:
Tho' all the Bards immortal Themes purſue,
Yet all their Force, their Wit, muſt yield to you.
When *Maro*'s Muſe ſome Extaſy deſigns,
Not half ſo moving run the rapid Lines:
Not half the Tranſports, or the Beauty reigns
There, as when *A——a*, as when C——*rt* ſhines.
When *Homer* ſtrives his lofty Verſe to raiſe,
To tune his Numbers to the *Spartan*'s Praiſe;
And paint her blooming in her Hero's Arms,
To make a C——*rt* double all her Charms:
When *Horace*'s ſublimeſt Odes deſign
To make ſome youthful Charms for ever ſhine,
Not all his Raptures, all the Flights can ſhew
The Beauties, Nymph divine, that ſhine in you.
When *Naſo* draws *Lucretia*'s Hero's Face,
His *Roman* Matrons, or the Maids of *Greece*,

Tho' Maſter of the Art, he can but ſhew,
That they're inferiour, if compar'd to you.
That nobler Charms in larger Currents roll
In *Albion*, than ſupply'd the *Roman* Soul:
Since therefore Heav'n, to you compleatly kind,
Has join'd ſuch Beauties to a nobler Mind;
Which to deſcribe exceed the Poet's Part,
A *Virgil*'s Fancy, or *Miltonian* Art;
Shou'd I attempt your Glories to rehearſe,
Forgive the Poet, tho' you damn the Verſe.



*Occaſion'd*

## *Occaſion'd by drinking a Lady's Health at* Aſtrop-Wells; *a Peach-ſtone, which ſhe once had in her Mouth, being put into the Glaſs.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

I.

WHERE healing Springs, near *Aſtrop* plac'd,
Their watry Stores ſupply,
A Peach-ſtone yields the Wine as faſt,
And fills the Glaſs as high.

II.

Such Magick in that Prize is found,
By bright *Maria* taught,
To ſpeed the chearful Brimmers round,
And conſecrate the Draught.

III.

Bleſs'd by thoſe Lips, whoſe Touch divine
Might waſting Life repair;
To *Nectar* it converts the Wine,
To Gladneſs every Care.

IV.

Give me that Balm to eaſe my Pain,
My Cordial when I faint;
And let the Relique ſtill remain,
To witneſs for the Saint.

# *An* EPIGRAM, *occaſion'd by the Peach-ſtone.*

I.

DRINK on, my Friends, drink * *Yeoman* dry,
Nor fear a Want of Wine;
A Peach-ſtone can that Want ſupply,
As ſings a Bard divine.

II.

If ſo, how bleſs'd are *Aſtrop* Beaux?
What Happineſs they boaſt?
*Maria* ſparkling Wine beſtows;
*Beata* gives a Toaſt.

* *The Landlord.*

# *Upon* WIT.

*By an unknown Hand.*

TRUE Wit is like a brilliant Stone
Dug from the *Indian* Mine,
Which boaſts two various Pow'rs in one,
To cut as well as ſhine.

Genius like that, if poliſh'd right,
With the ſame Gifts abounds;
Appears at once both keen and bright,
And ſparkles while it wounds.

# *A RIDDLE.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

BEHOLD a Lilliputian Throng;
Nor Male, nor Female, old, nor young;
Six Inches high, of ſlender Size,
Who've neither Mouth, nor Noſe, nor Eyes;
Who never from each other ſtray,
But keep together Night and Day,
Like Soldiers marſhall'd in Aray.
A bloody Enſign each does bear,
Yet none train'd up to Feats of War.
Theſe Actions gentle Paſſions move,
Or quench, or fan the Flames of Love:

Soften the unrelenting Fair,
And ſooth the penſive Stateſman's Care.
Nimble as Thought, they skip and dance,
Yet ne'er retreat, or e'er advance,
Or Order change; like the World's Frame,
Always unchangeably the ſame.
Tho' nimble, and to Motion free,
Yet never move they willingly,
But loiter in their little Cells,
'Till ſome ſuperiour Force expells,
And drives them forth; then up they ſpring,
Without the Help of Leg or Wing:
But, as they rear their Heads on high,
Harmonious Meaſures fill the Sky.

# A SONG.

*By an unknown Hand.*

I.

IN vain I ſhun *Emilia*'s Eyes,
In vain I fly the charming Maid;
Twin'd with my Heart, inwray'd ſhe lies,
And with the Nymph my Heart's inlaid.

II.

Then, Martyr-like, I'll face the Fire,
Since, if I fly, it will purſue;
Tho' in her Flames I do expire,
Yet in my Duſt lies Love a-new.

III.

Gods! with what Pride my Breaſt does ſwell!
How big and wieldy is my Joy!
That I *Emilia*'s Victim fell,
Sure, that muſt pleaſe Love's mighty Boy!

IV.

Ah! Eccho then, be complaiſant,
And ſtrive a poſthum'd Flame to move;
Send my laſt Breath unto the Saint,
And tell, the laſt, I ſaid, was Love.

# A DREAM.

*By an unknown Hand.*

'TWAS Night, when Sleep each mortal Eye had bound,
And drowſy Nature nodded all around;
When lonely *Philomels* bemoaning lay,
In warbling Numbers wore the Gloom away;
My weary Limbs were ſunk in ſoft Repoſe,
When to my View a new Creation roſe;
A thouſand airy flitting Forms were ſeen,
'Till Fancy ſhap'd this viſionary Scene:
Stretch'd as I lay along a flow'ry Mead,
Beneath a Myrtle's cloſe embow'ring Shade,

Thro'

Thro' ruſtling Leaves the Zephyrs ſtole their Way,
And feather'd Warblers hopp'd from Spray to Spray;
A Female Phantom of embodied Air,
Imagination fram'd the ſeeming Fair:
The cloiſter'd Nymph, who ſcarcely ſees the Day,
But with dull Friers wears her Bloom away,
Well repreſents: So languiſhing her Look,
She ſeem'd to faint at every Step ſhe took.
Her Clothes were huddl'd on with heedleſs Air;
Looſe hung her Girdle, careleſs flew her Hair.
On me the Viſion caſt a ſoothing Look,
And ſighing, thus, in gentle Accents ſpoke:
To thee, ambitious Youth, thus far I ſtray,
While Love directs, and Pity leads the Way;
I ſmooth each ruffled Heart, each wrinkled Brow,
And give a Taſte of Heav'n to Men below.
In me the Poor find Wealth, th' Afflicted Eaſe,
The Injur'd Shelter, and the Wretched Peace:

QUIET'S

QUIET's my Name: I ſaw thy Boſom glow,
With Pity ſaw the much-lov'd Madneſs grow:
Pitying, I come thy Troubles to remove,
And tune thy Soul to Harmony and Love.
What Toils, what Miſeries, attend the Man,
Who ſtrives thro' bluſt'ring Clouds his Way to gain;
Where Impudence obtains the golden Prize,
While Merit's view'd with unregarding Eyes?
But ſhould you (all the Toils and Labours paſt)
Obtain the long-expected Joy at laſt,
The long-expected Joy will ſurfeit at the Taſte:
For Care attends the Grandour of the Great,
And hovers o'er the gilded Rooms of State:
There Squint-ey'd Envy, and high creſted Pride,
And Guilt, with all her hundred things beſide;
There dire Revenge, and never ſated Spite,
And Eagle-eyed Diſtruſt, their Souls affright;
Vex 'em by Day, and haunt their downy Beds by Night.

Such

Such is the Pride of Pow'r, the Pomp of Fate,
And ſuch the Tinſel Pageantry of State.
Now turn your Eyes, and view the ſacred Bliſs,
The ſoft Delight, and Scenes of Paradiſe,
That ſmile around on all the rural Plains,
And gild the humble Cottages of Swains.
Happy the Man, who in ſome kind Retreat,
Free from the Tumults of the Rich and Great,
There hid from Envy, and ſecur'd from Strife,
Enjoys a happy, tho' inglorious Life:
Neither augments, nor waſtes his little Store;
Grant him but that, kind Fate, he asks no more.
No wild Ambition wearies out the Day,
The Night in peaceful Slumbers glides away;
With ſtedfaſt Eye, Superiour, he looks down
On all the Hurry of the noiſy Town;
The ſupple Cringe, the well-diſſembled Sneer,
The ſmooth oyl'd Speech, and undermining Leer;

The flatt'ring Smile, the condeſcending Bow,
The ſcornful Lip, and the diſdainful Brow;
The fickle Hope, and ſelf-conſuming Care,
Tormenting Doubts, and hollow-ey'd Deſpair:
He ſees ſuch vaſt Varieties of Woe,
And learns to pity what he ſhuns to know.
Secure from Care, from Sorrow, and from Sin,
And bleſt with Eaſe without, and Peace within.
Curb then your Hopes, correct your fond Deſires,
And ſtrictly baniſh all ambitious Fires;
Then will I lead you to ſome bliſsful Seat,
For Eaſe and Innocence a ſafe Retreat:
There with cœleſtial Joys I'll ſooth thy Breaſt,
Which Care ſhall ne'er diſturb, nor Fate moleſt.
She finiſh'd, and methought I ſtill could hear
The finiſh'd Voice ſtill eccho'd in my Ear.
Upon her Lips ſuch ſmooth Perſuaſion hung;
So ſweet the Honey trickled from her Tongue;

The ſoft delicious Poiſon pierc'd my Soul,
Suppled its Pride, and mollify'd the whole:
Lethargick Slumbers o'er my Senſes keep,
And all my roving Thoughts were lull'd aſleep.

SUDDEN, with Look erect, and grand Demien,
Another Phantom ſtrode acroſs the Green;
A radiant Diadem his Temples bound,
Which ſhone with ſtudded Luſtre all around.
He ſhook the graceful Terrors of his Breaſt;
Strength brac'd his manly Limbs, and ſwell'd his nervous Cheſt.
I roſe and bow'd, the Phantom Silence broke,
Frown'd on the Female Shade, and thus indignant ſpoke.
Beware, O Youth! of that bewitching Tongue,
Beware the Poiſon of that *Syren*'s Song:
Look up, awake, view all the Cheat reveal'd
In QUIET's Form; lo! INDOLENCE conceal'd.

With

With ſoft Delight unthinking Mortals hear,
But ſure Perdition waits their liſt'ning Ear.
'Tis I diſpoſe of ev'ry Fate below,
From me alone does all that's glorious flow:
'Tis I, who prompt your raptur'd Bard to write:
'Tis I, who bid the advent'rous Warriour fight:
I bid the Sage explore each hidden Cauſe,
And ſpur the Orator to court Applauſe.
What King e'er triumph'd, or what Heroes fought,
What Sages e'er diſclos'd, or Poets wrote,
'Twas I, AMBITION, that their Sculs inſpir'd,
And with a dauntleſs Love of Glory fir'd.

HEAR then, O Youth! the brave Man's glorious Fate,
And let my Words inſtruct you to be great.
Scorn the low Cottage of the humble Swains,
Scorn all the low Advent'rours of the Plains;

Poor

Poor abject Wretches, whom ſuch Fates can pleaſe,
Vilely to ruſt in ignominious Eaſe:
There ſunk in Sloth, unſeen, they fall away,
A dull inanimated Lump of Clay.
You that have Souls (for INDOLENCE has none)
Attend, and all ſuch Ignominy ſhun:
Dare to be Great, attempt the glorious Prey,
Thro' juſtling Crouds, undaunted, make your Way;
Go on, and bravely ſtem the riſing Wave,
For Fortune cannot long reſiſt the Brave:
Tho' Impudence has firſt the Barrier paſt,
Yet Merit, ſure, will ſhine confeſt at laſt.
For Virtue, tho' in Rags, commands your Love;
Men own the Gift divine, and bleſs the Hand above.
But, when with all its glitt'ring Triumphs crown'd
It ſhines with double Luſtre all around;
When like the Sun, from its ſuperiour Height,
It pours a Blaze of Glories on your Sight,

Men

Men ſtand aloof; and what they lov'd before
Now praiſe, admire, and ſilently adore:
Ev'n *Jove* himſelf, from his Imperial Throne,
Looks with paternal Love and Pleaſure down,
And works the filial Virtue for his own.

Blest is the Man, who courts this noble Fate,
Who dares do nothing but what's ſtrictly great:
Great without Scorn, and Brave without Diſdain;
Not baſely Low, nor impotently Vain.
Attend, my Son, here lies the deſtin'd Courſe;
Rouſe all your Soul, and ſummon all your Force:
For Honour ever does the Coward ſhun,
And Glory muſt be courted e're ſhe's won:
Here eaſier Toils, and leſſer Cares you'll find,
For Sloth's the greateſt Burden of the Mind.

He ſpoke, and with new Fires inflam'd my Breaſt;
My throbbing Soul the wondrous God confeſt:
Now all my Thoughts with great Ambition glow;
And Sloth appears, how deſpicable now!
Thus, at the brazen Trumpet's hoarſe Alarms,
The ſleeping Warriour ſtarts, and calls, *To Arms:*
His Heart beats high, in Tides his Spirits roul,
And all the Heroe kindles in his Soul.

# A SONG on the *Cambridge* Toasts.

To the Tune of, *All you Ladies now on Land.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

THE Beauties of the *Cambridge* Fair
Who justly can express?
Whose charming Smiles and wondrous Airs
Do either kill or bless.

To toast their Healths they me invite,
From Night 'till Morn, from Morn 'till Night.

*Fal la.*

II.

On charming *N----by* who can gaze?
And gaze without Surprize:
Oh! why, ye Gods, ſuch killing Rays
Dart from thoſe Brilliant Eyes?
Her Pow'r's ſo great, ſhe at her Will
Can Thouſands ſave, or Thouſands kill.

*Fal la.*

III.

Th'Angelick Form of heav'nly *B—ks*
Who can on Earth relate?
Not *Raphael*, with his fineſt Strokes,
Her Shape can imitate;
Nor *Pope*'s immortal Pen can ſhew
The Praiſes, which to *B—ks* are due.

*Fal la.*

IV.

IV.

Who e'er, ſweet *G—d—ll*, looks on thee,
Can't ſay, his Heart's his own:
Thy Charms will pierce to that Degree,
They'll mollify a Stone.
When e'er you ſmile, of this I'm ſure,
That we are all in *Gaite de Coeur*.

*Fal la.*

V.

Such are thy Charms, Oh *V——n!* for you
My Books neglected lie:
Ah! pity, fair one, 'tis too true,
For you alone I die.
Your Eyes, your dimpled Cheeks, your Chin,
Wou'd tempt a Saint, by *Jove*, to Sin.

*Fal la.*

VI.

Now, Ladies, if I've done amiſs,
Grant Pardon to your Slave;
Love was the only Cauſe of this,
If great Offence I gave.
Your whole Compoſure's ſo complete;
You're Angels all, from Head to Feet.

*Fal la.*



The

# *The* Trinity Beauties.

*To the ſame Tune.*

*By a different Hand.*

I.

THE lovely Nymphs of *Trinity*
Who juſtly can deſcribe?
Whoſe Beauty and ſweet Modeſty
Look like an *Eaſtern* Bride:
Whoſe Charms do make us early riſe
To pay Devotion to their Eyes.

*Fal la.*

II.

On *Mulliner* whoe'er does gaze,
Is ſure by her to die.
Oh why, ye Gods, ſuch brilliant Rays
From that one piercing Eye!
If ſhe by one ſo many ſlew,
Who could eſcape, had ſhe but two?

*Fal la.*

III.

The bulky Form of *Overland*
No mortal Man can paint;
'Twou'd put e'en *Raphael* to a Stand
To draw an Elephant.
No Poet can her Shape expreſs,
Except it was a little leſs.

*Fal la.*

IV.

IV.

Whoe'er on *Purchaſe* caſts an Eye,
Can't ſay their Heart's their own,
For ſhe like *Gorgon* makes 'em die,
And turns them into Stone.
When'er ſhe ſmiles, Oh! then we fear
'Twill bring ſome rainy Weather here.

*Fal la.*

V.

Thy Charms, O *Skelton*, are ſo bright,
I ſhall wear out my Books;
For I had rather read all Night,
Than view your ugly Looks.
Your Eyes, your wrinkled Cheeks, your Chin,
Are Antidotes againſt all Sin.

*Fal la.*

VI.

Now, Ladies, if I've done amiſs,
Grant Pardon to your Slave:
Truth was the only Cauſe of this,
If great Offence I gave.
Your whole Compoſure's ſo compleat,
You are Devils all, from Head to Feet.

*Fal la.*

# A SONG, by *J. H.*

I.

IN *Cambridge* dwells a blithſome Laſs,
*Merinda*, blooming Fair:
As by her Door I chanc'd to paſs,
She raviſhed my Ear.
I heard her warble forth ſuch Notes,
The Sweeteſt Melody;
As Nightingale, ſtraining its Throat,
In tuneful Harmony.

II.

I, like a Statue, was ſtruck dumb;
Hearing the pleaſing Sound,
Trembling I ſtood, to be undone,
Yet fearleſs of the Wound.
O Woe is me! what mon I do?
My Heart was from me ta'en:
Each Night my Pillow I bedew,
And ſigh for her in vain.

III.

Wou'd ſhe but on her *Jockey* ſmile,
She'd have no Cauſe to rue:
I'd think long Journies as one Mile,
Of her to have a View.
With Pleaſure I'd ſurvey her Form,
Which is all o'er divine:
All other Beauties wou'd I ſcorn,
Was fair *Merinda* mine.

IV.

IV.

She dances with a graceful Air
Upon the pleaſing Green;
A Shape ſo fine, and Face ſo fair,
Can nowhere elſe be ſeen.
Each Swain's inamour'd with her Charms,
And I, among the leve;
We have no Pow'r to fly the Harms
We from her Eyes receive.

V.

When e'er I her white Hand do touch,
Or ſnowy Boſom preſs,
My Fate I know; I love too much,
And cannot love her leſs.
Why had I Eyes to ſee that Face,
Or Ears to hear that Voice?
The faireſt Nymph of human Race,
That Swain e'er made his Choice.

## *By one that lov'd to Excess, and yet rejected the Object beloved.*

SOME former Swains have passionately writ,
Supplying Want of Love with Store of Wit:
You'll hear 'em of a thousand Deaths complain,
Rack'd only with imaginary Pain;
Which, as the Fancy works, it will undo;
In Changes, swim in Bliss, or sink in Woe.
So Brutes may pine, or rage, with Lust in Flame,
Or die without a Revel in the same.
But who can sing from what pure Spring he's mov'd,
Who from Sensation slights the Object lov'd?

Lov'd

Lov'd to a pitch beyond what Mortal can,
And far before the Strokes of human Pen;
To paint how its myſterious Craving wills
From the Meander of Inviſibles,
Which only can be known to him that feels.

## *To his Miſtreſs.*

ACcept the Dictates of a wounded Heart,
Wounded by you in its moſt tender Part.
Ten thouſand Cupids at your Levee wait,
And ev'ry one's a Meſſenger of Fate.
Fatal, I fear, the pleaſing Wound will prove,
If you apply not the ſweet Balm of Love.

Deſpair,

Deſpair and Hope, alternate, break my Reſt,
And all my Comfort's lodg'd within thy Breaſt.
There nought but Heav'n-born Virtue dares to move,
With all its Graces, Innocence, and Love.

Blest Virtue! Offspring of the Pow'rs divine,
Propitious be, and to my Prayers incline.
Inſpire the Heart of this obdurate Fair,
To eaſe thoſe Fetters, which for her I bear;
That is your Seat, you may do Wonders there.
Ah cruel Fair! theſe heavy Chains remove,
Free me from them, or teach your ſelf to love.

For thee, in Torment, I ſupport the Light,
With crouding Griefs I waſte away the Night.
With thee, with Pleaſure, I'd this World foregoe,
With all its Pomp, that preludes to our Woe.

Wealth,

Let Wealth the Portion be for Fortune's Slaves,
The Miſer's Wiſh, and Prize of crafty Knaves.
Let me, ye Gods! in her I love, be bleſt,
And, as your Wiſdoms pleaſe, diſpoſe the reſt.

# An EPIGRAM.

*By an unknown Hand.*

THE Furies, at a time, in Conſult met,
Who next to Satan ſhou'd in Triumph ſit:
*Dulneſs* her heavy Arguments propos'd,
And *Envy* all her poys'nous Veins diſclos'd:
*Ill-nature*, next, aroſe in ſurly State:
Hold, ſays Sir Satan, end your grand Debate;

A Mortal in ſuperiour Merit ſtands,
Have you forgot my old Friend *P—n H—*?
To him, next me,'s the mighty Empire due;
He's *Dulneſs*, *Envy*, and *Ill-nature*, too.

## *Lavinia*'s Lamentation.

ASSIST, ye Gods! inſpire me, whilſt I write,
Urg'd by Revenge to do my Beauty right:
Aid my Revenge, and rouze my drooping Mind;
Let me the Cauſe of this Unkindneſs find.
Muſt I, who not long ſince by all ador'd,
Full with Perfections, and with Graces ſtor'd;
Whoſe Frowns a thouſand whining Lovers kill'd;
Whoſe Smiles with Extaſies a thouſand fill'd.

Muſt

Muſt I, now thus neglected, left by all,
To their contemptuous Scorn a Victim fall?
What Paſſion hurries, and torments my Soul?
Now floting Ills on one another roul.
I'll from my Breaſt all tender Thoughts remove,
Baniſh all Hopes, and bid Adieu to Love.

With Expectations great, and anxious Care,
Lovers in Crowds did oft to me repair:
Whole Colleges ſubdu'd, admir'd my Charms,
And ſigh'd to hugg *Lavinia* in their Arms:
In num'rons Throng the powder'd Fops adore,
Bullies, that ſcorn'd to ſtoop to Love before.
Whilſt in the Front of the promiſcuous Crowd,
The gaudy, flutt'ring, love-ſick *Collin* ſtood;
To me, with rapid Courſe, he boldly tends,
Now ſwears, proteſts, and at my Feet he bends;

Then round my Waſte his treach'rous Arms infold,
And ſtorm'd my Heart with his pernicious Gold.
So *Danae* was by mighty *Jove* betray'd;
So fares it oft with each unthinking Maid.
But yet, methought, he ſwore with ſuch a Grace,
Something appear'd delightful in his Face:
Some Sighs, ſome Sparks of Goodneſs he had left,
Nor was of all Humanity bereft:
I hugg'd the Traytor cloſe; He, ſwearing, cry'd,
None but the charming —— ſhou'd be his Bride.
Thus have I crown'd his Wiſhes with Conſent,
And mutual Bliſs did both our Loves content.

From *P*—— next two mighty Heroes came,
Whoſe nightly Schemes were oft proclaim'd by Fame:
From Stew to Stew, from Whore to Whore they range,
And glory moſt in a delightful Change:
Hither they come, not with the ſame Deſign,
But as they ſwore to be for ever mine:

Re-

W.N.H. Bed. HARDING

Reſolving now their *Barnwell* to forſake,
No more at *Carte* and *Tierce* they Leſſons take:
Before my Feet they both ſubmiſſive fall,
Proſtrate they lay, proſtrate for Mercy call.
I cou'd no longer hold, but ſoon comply'd,
And gave to them, what I had oft deny'd.

Next, to my Wiſh, a ſprightly Youth appears,
Diſtracted much with Jealouſy and Fears:
My comely Features, unadorn'd by Art,
Did captivate with Eaſe the Youngſter's Heart:
Inſpir'd by Love, my Charms he ſoon obey'd;
When ſtraight a thouſand Stratagems he laid;
Which I (with Bluſhes coy) did ſoon diſcover,
And check'd the kind, but too aſpiring Lover:
I check'd, but ſoon to him, among the reſt,
Diſclos'd the very Secrets of my Breaſt.

NEXT a pedantick, noiſy, wittling Cur
Bawls out his Love, and makes a hideous Stir:
This Wretch, to ev'ry Vice, was fully bent,
Senſeleſs, pragmatical, and impudent:
I ſcorn'd his Inſolence, and with Diſgrace
I vex'd and tortur'd the accompliſh'd Aſs.
Numbers from diff'rent Quarters here reſort,
And with a Guſt they elegantly ſport;
And name my little Manſion, the *Idalian* Court.
Now, dreſt in all his Foppery, behold
The gay *Alexis*, amorous, and bold.
Oft he'd careſs me, oft he'd force a Kiſs,
'Till the laſt Favour wrapt his Soul in Bliſs.
But oh! too ſoon the luſcious Banquet cloys,
And anxious pains ſucceed our former Joys:
My teeming Womb diſcloſes my Diſgrace,
And pale-look'd Horrours triumph o'er my Face.

Where

Where are my Charms, invincible before?
Where are thoſe abject Slaves, that ſhou'd adore?
Oh! for one Sigh, one penitential Tear!
To waſh this Stain, and make my Conſcience clear.
How cou'd I now, unmov'd, relentleſs ſtand?
And with what awful Majeſty command
Deſpair to all? E'en Death ſhou'd be their Fate,
And all I lov'd before, I now wou'd hate.
Firſt I'd invite, then baniſh from my Arms,
And laugh at all their damn'd deceitful Charms.
Like *Tantalus*, I'd feed them with Deſire;
I'd raiſe the Flame, but never quench the Fire.

But hold, my Paſſion hurries me too far;
I ſee how vain our Hopes and Wiſhes are;
How dangerous to prove at firſt too kind
To perjur'd Man, I, by Experience, find.

# A Tranſlation out of *Seneca*'s Trag. *Herc. OEtæus.*

## ACT II. *Cho.*

*Tu quicunque es, qui,* &c.

*By an unknown Hand.*

WHo e'er thou art, that mounts a dazzling Throne,
And rules great Kingdoms abſolute alone,
Tho' to thy Court an hundred Ways convey,
Thro' which the giddy Crowd does hourly ſtray;
Tho' ſuch vaſt Multitudes encloſe thee round;
In them ſcarce one is truly loyal found.
*Erinnys* haunts the golden Roofs of State,
And Treaſon enters at the Royal Gate:

Inhuman

Inhuman Plots are in the Court decreed,
And Arms lie hid to act the bloody Deed.

When in the People's View he rides in State,
Envy does always on his Grandeur wait.
Oft as the Eaſt the bluſhing Morning brings,
We may expect as oft new choſen Kings.
Few honour Princes; it is Royal Power,
And Splendour of the Court, they all adore.
*This* Nobleman, related to the Crown,
(Whoſe thoughtful Breaſt is fired with Renown)
Wou'd ſhew his Perſon in each pop'lous Town.
*That* Man with Treaſure wou'd be ſatisfy'd,
Tho' all the Land that's waſh'd by *Iſter*'s Tide,
*Iſter* the rich, his Cheſts can never fill,
Nor golden *Lydia* ſatiate his Will:
Nor wealthy *Spain*, admir'd for flowing Gold,
That down clear *Tagus* Stream is gently roll'd:

Tho'

Tho' to's Deſire the fertile *Thracia* bows,
And the rich Fields, round which *Hydaſpes* flows;
Tho' he cou'd ſee this Moment in his Pow'r,
What ever touches mighty *Ganges* Shore:
Shou'd Nature give the Miſer all her Store,
Her ſelf, 'tis nothing, he wou'd ſtill be poor.

THAT Man, his Prince officiouſly obeys,
And to the Court due Veneration pays;
Not that his Tenants all the Year may plow,
A thouſand Acres at each Seaſon ſow,
But wiſhes Wealth he freely may beſtow.
*This* honours Kings, that he may ſome diſgrace,
Trample on all, but get no Friend a Place;
And only to do Miſchief wou'd be Great.
How many die by an uncertain Fate!
Thoſe that to-Night are bleſt, and thriving Men,
May be undone, before Night comes again.

'Tis

'Tis very rare to ſee a happy Boy,
When he is old, that Happineſs enjoy.
Green Graſs is ſofter than the *Tyrian* Bed;
Poor Swains ſleep ſound, and no Diſturbance dread.
Great Palaces oft gentle Slumbers break,
And Purple Beds keep us all Night awake.

O! if the rich Man's Breaſt did open lie,
What Fears and Doubts might we within deſcry,
That wait on Fortune, ſo ſublime and high.
The *Brutian* Waters are more mild than he,
When raging *Boreas* ſwells the foaming Sea.

The poor, but honeſt, Lab'rer's Heart's at Reſt,
He bears a quiet Soul within his Breaſt;
And drinks in Bowls, which of ſmooth Beech he makes,
Nor does he hold 'em with a Hand that ſhakes.

The Maid, that's with a modeſt Husband join'd,
Maintains her Honour with a ſtedfaſt Mind:
She's not ſet out with Necklaces of Pearl,
No Jewels of the Deep adorn the Girl;
No Eaſtern Pendants preſs her tender Ears,
And no twice dy'd *Sidonian* Scarlet wears;
Nor can ſhe, after the *Mæonian* Way,
Embroider neatly, and ſoft Colours lay:
Some ruſtick, modeſt Colour, dyes her Loom,
Which ſhe, with untaught Fingers, ſpun at home.
She is not jealous of her Husband's Deeds,
Her harmleſs Bed no Doubts, nor Anger breeds,

ERINNYS follows thoſe with dreadful Fate,
Whoſe Birth-day People croud to celebrate.
The Poor, himſelf will never happy call,
'Till he ſees thoſe, he thought more happy, fall.

Who

Whoever does the middle Paſſage ſhun,
Can never with a ſteady Carriage run.
When the Boy begg'd to give the World a Day,
And try'd his Father's flaming Steeds to ſway;
Forſook the uſual Road, and did purſue
Strange Ways, his head-ſtrong Courſers never knew;
*Jove* the bold Youth from's wand'ring Chariot hurl'd;
Himſelf he ruin'd, and deſtroy'd the World.
To *Latium* while fam'd *Dedalus* did fly,
He kept the middle Paſſage of the Sky;
And gave no Name to any rocky Shore;
But while his Son dar'd Eagles to out-ſoar,
The Boy deſpis'd his Father to purſue,
But next to glitt'ring *Phœbus* boldly flew;
He fell, a Name to unknown Waters gave,
Mounting too high, pitch'd headlong to his Grave.

# *Desiring it might rain, to detain a Mistress.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

I.

WITH no less various Passions tost,
*Leander* view'd the boist'rous Main;
Each rising Wind his Wishes croſt;
Each swelling Wave encreas'd his Pain.

II.

My Breast a diff'rent Motive fires,
A diff'rent Fear my Soul alarms;
A Calm could favour his Desires,
My fiercer Love expects a Storm.

III.

III.

May low'ring Clouds and heavy Show'rs
For once relieve a Lover's Care,
Still to prolong my happy Hours,
And keep the beauteous *Chloe* here.

IV.

Hide, *Phœbus*, thine officious Light,
Let not one croſs intruding Ray
Deprive me of my *Chloe*'s Sight,
And rob us of a brighter Day.

# *To a Gentleman in Love.*

*By the ſame.*

Dear *P——n*,

WHile your fair Nymph I ſurvey'd,
And remember'd the many fine things you had ſaid;
How each Charm was extoll'd, and each Beauty improv'd,
And how ſweetly you told us, how greatly you lov'd:
I found thoſe Encomiums were properly due,
Not ſo much to her Charms (honeſt Friend) as to you;
Your Muſe did the Roſes and Lillies ſupply,
And gave her the Brightneſs that ſhone in her Eye.
*Pygmalion* of old (as in Story we read)
For the Beauty he form'd was contented to bleed.
Thus with your own Pen you feather the Dart,
And ſharpen the Arrow that wounded your heart.

*On*

## *On the Death of the Reverend Mr.* Eyles, *A. M. Fellow of* St. John's College, *just after his return from* Paris.

I.

IN vain our fruitless Tears are shed;
In vain with too officious Love
We would recal the happy Dead,
And rob the Saint of Joys above.

II.

That gen'rous Soul, that God-like Mind,
To whom such Excellence was giv'n,
Too soon disdain'd to be confin'd;
Too soon, alas! grew ripe for Heav'n.

III.

How oft! how well! on *Gallia*'s Coast
Did he our spotless Church defend?

Our *Alma Mater* ſcarce can boaſt
A brighter Son, a better Friend.

IV.

No crafty Prieſt, with Wiles or Threats,
Could his firm Innocence affright;
His Senſe their Sophiſtry defeats,
And ſoon unmasks the Hypocrite.

# *APRIL.*

ONCE more we ſee the lovely Spring;
The pretty Birds in Couples ſing;
They open wide their tuneful Throats,
They charm each other with their Notes;
They fly, they chirp, they bill, they coo,
And teach what Lovers ought to do.

PHILANDER.

An

# *An* Epigram *on a Lady who cross'd the Seas.*

*By an unknown Hand.*

FArewell, Fair Saint! may neither Seas nor Wind
Swell like those Eyes and Hearts you leave behind;
But calm and gentle, like those Looks you bear,
Smile in your Face, and whisper in your Ear.
Let no bold Billow offer to arise,
Nor dare to gaze upon your lovely Eyes;
Least Wind and Sea, enamour'd of your Form,
Shou'd throng and crowd themselves into a Storm.

# *An Epiſtle to a Friend.*

WHILE you, my Friend, enjoy the *London* Air,
And Bleſſings both at Court and City ſhare,
Where Plays delight, and Wine the Ev'ning crowns,
All Grief expelling, but your *Cælia*'s Frowns;
While loudly roaring, like a Bridegroom's Drummer,
When toping o'er your merry Glaſs at *Rummer*;
Where cooling Rheniſh, and the briſk Champagne,
A melancholy Hermit might regain
From diſmal, dull, and gloomy, moſſy Cell,
Not Heaven's Emblem, but the Glimpſe of Hell:
From me detain'd, from Converſation ſweet,
Receive theſe Lines, that from a Diſtance greet:

And

And now for this your Pardon I implore;
In Proſe I've often troubled you before:
I've chang'd the Scene, to give your Mind ſome Eaſe;
Variety makes Nonſenſe ſometimes pleaſe.

HEROICS, now, no more a Word on;
How fares my honeſt Friend, *Jack Gordon?*
Who well with tuneful merry Song
An Ev'ning's Meeting can prolong:
For when his Company we loſe,
The Wine we mourn not, but the Muſe.
Oh! Let me know how *B——y* looks,
That ſhifting, twining, Worm of Books;
His gruff Demean, and lordly Air,
Satan-like, grinning in Deſpair:
But Oh! 'tis ſad that I ſhou'd think on
Another De'l to look o'er *Lincoln.*

Laſt *Tripos*, pale-fac'd *T*——,
Made Verſes; true, but ſay, who ſhall
A Water-drinker Poet call?
Not ſo *Anacreon* wou'd refuſe
*Bacchus* to aſſiſt his Muſe:
Full *Jolly Bard*, he ſeem'd to ſing
Of *Love* and *Merriment*, the Poet's King:
With Flow'rets crown'd he oft wou'd laugh,
And Bumpers to the Brim wou'd quaff:
But ſilenc'd now his merry Note,
Anſwering Grapeſtone ſtopp'd his Throat.
Oh! had it been but in his Crown,
The *Bard* had not kick'd up ſo ſoon.

THE old Affair of *Johnny Boſton*
Is now, alas! approaching poſt-on.
I can't deviſe how things may go,
For *Hopeful* makes my Payments ſlow.

If you, perchance, to *Percivale*
Shou'd read this foolish idle Tale;
Tell him, how much I do repeat;
From him a Line I do expect.
Tell him, that now long Time has past,
Since I, to him, did write the last,
Last News from *Cambridge*; for from hence
No News can ever claim Pretence.
Last *Friday* we'd an Act from *Grover*;
*Nichols* Opponent; —— now 'tis over.

## *On a Beautiful Young Lady.*

Æ*OLUS*, profligate of Storm,
Lets loose those boist'rous winds that harm:
Cease, *Boras*, cease to blow a while,
That *Phœbus* Rays may on us smile.

But here's a Sun, that's brighter far
Than Evening or the Morning Star:
Whose Influence on us has Pow'r
To kindle Love at dying Hour.

## *To his* Mistress.

CRUEL *Amanda!* hard's my Fate,
To bear your Hatred and your Scorn:
Your Eyes, those Stars, did destinate
My wretched State e'er I was born.
If I to you of Passion talk,
You fly, like Lightning from the Skies,
Leaving your Swain alone to walk,
With broken Heart and wat'ry Eyes.

*FINIS.*